HIGHWAY 89: A GEOLOGY OF MEMORY

By Katharine Coles, Utah's Poet Laureate

1. Long Past

We are driving toward Lagoon, my parents, my two brothers, and I. I am not yet *this tall* but still big enough to ride the teacups into a flight of dizzy ecstasy, and so awash in anticipation, asking my parents again, for the hundredth time, How much farther, how long, are we almost there? Maybe we are just coming around the gravel pits, past the old mineral hot springs building, shuttered since before I was born and dilapidated—about halfway there. The whole drive from our home near Sugarhouse takes less than thirty minutes, but I spend those minutes in unbearable, endless, infinite anticipation and the certainty that I will not, simply cannot survive the time (expanding, surely?) that must pass before that final curve when the old roller coaster will come at long last into view—

—and then it is over already, already late, the midsummer sun setting, and I am limp with exhaustion, sticky and grimy and probably whining as my father lays me into the back seat, where I promptly fall asleep. My brothers too. I see myself, now, from the outside, as if in a photograph of memory—so now, over memory, I layer what I imagine, my parents driving home at last in blessed silence, the refineries on the north edge of town silhouetted by the sunset, vermillion over the lake—

—or we are going south; it's Friday, late afternoon, and my parents have snugged us into our pajamas and tossed us on top of the sleeping bags lining the back of the International Travel-All. They heft in the cooler and the tent, go back for the stakes. On the way out of town, we stop at the MacDonalds on State (over a million served) and pick up dinner, then my parents take turns eating and driving as the sun sets. By the time 89 leaves 6 above Spanish Fork, we children have sunk into sleep. My parents will make camp in the dark and carry us, still sleeping, into the big family Springbar, bought at Kirkham's on State Street. When I wake, the early sun will be casting an emerald glow through the nylon walls, and by the time my parents pull themselves out of their sleeping bags we kids will be out, scampering up and down fantastic formations, clamoring for Mom and Dad to watch us as we scale sandstone laid down in layers over centuries, carved by wind and water, gone deep red in the dawn—

—and I am a teenager, leaping out of the car in the Lagoon parking lot, maybe for the last time, stopping long enough to take whatever money my parents will give me—never enough, but I've been saving my allowance—before leaving

them behind to find my friends. I am *this tall* now; I can fly on any ride I wish, but I am concerned now more with the other teenagers; boys and girls from my own high school and, more intriguingly, different high schools, parts of the valley that seem remote and exotic, far from my own neighborhood and stomping ground, communities strung out like beads along State Street all the way from the Capital to Point of the Mountain, so that if at night I stand above the cemetery on 11th Avenue what I see stretching south of 21st South is a line of lights and then a cluster there, at Midvale, and there, Murray, Sandy, Draper, places we sometimes pass on our way elsewhere—

—then, suddenly, I am old enough to drive myself, or at least my friends are old enough to drive, and it is with them I set out toward Arches or Canyonlands, Capital Reef or Goblin Valley or Bryce or Antelope Island or Bear Lake—it seems no matter where we go always at least part of the route runs along 89, though sometimes that old road joins with another as with 6 south of Provo, or even sinks briefly beneath it, as beneath 15 around Point of the Mountain—

—still young enough that I am thinking of 89, like every road I think of it at all, in linear terms: a route from point A to point –Garden City to Salt Lake, Panguitch to Kanab—a road that takes me if not always in the most efficient possible way at least in some approximation of it, though even at our young age we leave the freeway, still immortal, still taking all the time in the world to look at the old towns, the highway running right through town, running under their Main Street lined with motels and legendary drive ins: Oh, Main Street, the shade of old porches so deep and long even under the heat, pressing, that two dogs, one splayed and one snoring, sleep the pure, given-over sleep of the happily unconscious. There will be times in my life when I will go to no end of trouble to choose the wandering line over the straight—but never have I considered 89 as a destination in itself, something to look at and ponder, its own space not to get over or through but in which to be—

—but no: think of some few Saturday nights, when for a lark a few girls, say three, pile into a car and drive it down State Street, our heads swiveling to check out the kids crammed in the car to the right of us, to the left. Say me, and K, my best friend, and W as often as not. Usually, we don't go much farther south than 21st, where the bright city lights begin to thin, but sometimes we take it all the way down, past where any carload of boys would follow unless in a tantalized trance, now not checking but just driving. The windows are down, and sometimes we even speak, laugh, give out names but never our own. We tell the boys we are sisters, though we look nothing alike, we three, and they pretend to believe us. The summer night hot and heady, its breeze running like fingers through our hair. We don't stop, don't get out of the car, not ever, however many glances we exchange, however many words. We are together, and before curfew we will veer off the thoroughfare and make our way through the familiar neighborhoods to our own safe houses—

—and at last we are grown up, or think we are, heading north again, K and I, driving her ancient red Volkswagon beetle to college in Logan. 1978. I will help her unload her things and then we will set out again, now all the way to Bear Lake, not it turns out for the last time, but almost, with sleeping bags and not

much more equipment. What else could we possibly need? A flashlight, a couple of sandwiches. The lake—you all know it—is a visual astonishment, a mirage of blue shimmering under a blue desert sky, the sky we've grown up under together, the sky we know. We are so innocent, we imagine no danger. We, the two of us, know nothing yet of tragedy, little of loss, though this will change sooner than we think, and we will be changed, written over, overlaid. This afternoon, down here at ground level, we can't see the thunderheads gathering on the other side of the mountains. The leaves are just beginning their change, and we are just beginning, and all that blue, above and below, looks like nothing so much as possibility, through which we

2. Something Like the Present, in Photographs

can't stop meandering, going back and back over the same ground, the way I might return now to a photo that reminds me of something else. Composing its nostalgia, in black and white, it makes me think I could order memory, give it shape and outline: say, bring back a long-ago Christmas, silly and alight; or a motel with beds that would shake you, fifteen minutes for a quarter; a particular face; another march—1968, to mourn a different war, a particular murder—in which I, eight years old, on crutches, in my hand-me-down Sunday dress, catch the eye of a newspaper photographer and march into history. Do you remember the stands along Fruit Way, all summer selling cherries then peaches then apples? So many orchards now plowed under and given to houses like the rest of the valley west to east, north to south, the city lights stretching in one solid, brilliant mass all the way to Lehi and beyond—now, now—

—the way the image of this painting layers over wood, its grain rippling into water the boy bends to drink; his mouth meeting his mouth in reflection—

—memory over memory, layering the way these photos do though I still dream in color, laying other images, other lives, over my own, until I almost believe I was here, watching ice form on the fence; here, walking into Mom's (famous!) for a dinner on the road, making me ask, don't I know that place? And maybe I did, though there is no evidence of it, no photograph placing me here, in this spot. So the new gets laid down over the old, writes over it, changes it, and the most perfect memory, the most intact and accurate, is the one immediately lost, the kiss forgotten in an instant and not revisited, never laid over with other, deepening kisses to seal a wedding or a life, the bride wearing her grandmother's dress, all joys and sorrow attendant. The most perfect memory is the one that means so little we forget it

3. As We Forget the Actual Present, in Flight

so, now, August 2007, flying low over downtown in a tiny four-seat Cessna, with photos in my mind's eye and a map in my lap, I don't know any more what precisely happened that Saturday night on State Street (Fifth South? Sixth?) when W broke precedent and climbed out of K's mother's Chevette and into a red sports car driven not by a boy but by a man, in his twenties anyway and

therefore dangerous. We would have been sixteen or seventeen. W appeared as usual in the hall at school on Monday, looking smug; the damage wasn't visible, not to her, not to us and our friendship, though we, K and I, best friends, were jointly—what?—not so much shocked by what W did as excluded by it, made lonely. As our friendship must have excluded W, though we took her along with us still, night after night. So K and I were left safe back in childhood, while W leapfrogged over us

as, now, our pilot Randy lifts us above our grounded world, Steve and Guy and me. I am tucked under the Cessna's wing like a baby bird, all downy and new as we rise from sleepiness into sunrise, the lake also rising in its own puddled light. As the sun comes up we round Point of the Mountain, where the city narrows, defined by geography: steep slope on one side, freeway on the other. Below, fields turn over their crops, and from up here I can see the outlines of the newest developments, neat lots and cul-de-sacs already sketched out in the dirt, the last flat open land giving way to the city's breaking wave in constant motion, each new boundary drawn first in a developer's mind, then bulldozed, before asphalt and concrete are laid and hardened into this suburban dream, ravening, uncontrollable. The edge of town, where the future makes its intentions known. And so one world lays itself over another, as obliterating as memory, and every minute passing means Steve, sitting in the Cessna's front seat, and Guy, sitting next to me, lose a little more of that perfect photographer's light

until we are over Spanish Fork canyon, the road I have seen so many times through a windshield at ground level. We are craning, looking for Thistle, where the mountain slipped and wiped out an entire town, its houses layered over by water and washed away

(Where did they all go, the people in those houses?)

and then, in high country, the view changes, opens beyond our narrow corridor, the green of agriculture laid over desert brush which presses all sides, ready to move back in its wildness at any moment. Steve and Guy and I press to the windows, identifying Aurora, Elsinore, Marysvale, Junction, locating junkyards and churches and,

outside every small town, its cemetery

overlooking the highway, from which, if we were on it, the river, the Sevier, would now be out of sight, over there, though from up here Steve points out where the old highway, long abandoned, followed the natural path, the river's bends and curves. The new road stays high, its route blasted and dug out of the hillside, straighter and safer

than our own high road on the wind, where landscape too is layered, pasture receding into hill, then foothill, then mountain, sky, cloud, red bluff thrusting up here and there and then

the vast desert heaving into view (coxcomb, white cliffs, pink cliffs, vermillion) to stun our eyes, already squinting from all this overgazing—who knew the horizon

could be so far and still visible?—so we can see every storm for miles. Today, we avoid the weather, but later, alone, I will drive right into electric wind, the splatters on my windshield more dirt than water—

—and there, at last

the gap, mile one, under the rim, the end of the road, though the road in fact keeps going and so could we—as we have flown already past city line, county—over the line where the mile markers start counting backwards all over again, all the way out of the country, across one border or another. I imagine being just that lost

before the Cessna banks and drops back into Kanab, onto the small airport's tarmac, and so brings me back

(with Steve and Guy and Randy, each of us carrying our pasts, our accumulated secrets and heartaches, yet as much in flight as any child on a carnival ride)

back to earth, ground level, human scale. Randy taxis to a stop. Lets us out. Legs a little shaky. Houston's will still be serving breakfast. The wind blows hot, and even after everything, having been carried all this way, I am still voracious, insatiable for the giddy flight home.

Telford's Road: A Ribbon of Healing

By Stephen Trimble

US 89 begins just as it should—at a seam, a boundary, a suture line. The highway enters Utah from Arizona by crossing the Colorado River at Glen Canyon Dam. Highways cleave the world, and as you pass the dam these two halves fall away behind you in the rear view mirror. For hundreds of miles upstream on the Colorado an intricate maze of drainages leads away from the mainstem of the river into the slots and alcoves and labyrinths of the Canyonlands, the redrock heart of the Colorado Plateau. Downstream from the dam, the rumble of the river quickly disappears into the Earth, headed for the depths of the Grand Canyon.

The highway passes between these two great divisions of the continent and then turns west, moving up the successive lines of cliffs stepping northward away from the Grand Canyon in what geologists call the Grand Staircase. Each formation lifts you higher, each named for its characteristic rock color. The Chocolate Cliffs. The Vermilion Cliffs. The White, Gray, and Pink Cliffs.

This stretch of road between the Arizona line and Kanab, Utah, passes through real wilderness. The ribbon of asphalt rolls across the high desert, crosses the Paria River and the upswept hogback of the Cockscomb. These are the Big Empties—the only stretch of US 89 in Utah within designated national preserves, in this case, Glen Canyon National Recreation Area and Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument.

John Telford shows us Milepost One east of Big Water, with the distant sandstone cliffs kissed by the fires of Colorado Plateau sunlight. He doesn't show us much of that spectacular country out beyond the highway. He has photographed those scenes elsewhere, published his grand landscape photographs in other books.

Telford's US 89 really begins at Kanab. Here, the road begins to find its way along the path of Mormon settlement, running dot-to-dot from one pioneering small town to the next. US 89 trends north, crossing divides from river valley to river valley, from the Virgin to the Sevier, between Zion and Bryce Canyon national parks, threading the linear ranks and lava-capped ramparts of the High Plateaus.

US 89 traces an agricultural landscape all the way to the Sanpete Valley: Little Denmark. Still rural and remote, but now with more center-pivot sprinklers than freshly arrived immigrants. Water guides the pattern of settlement and the path of the road, from the golf course air-brushed by irrigation onto the slickrock borders of Kanab to the geometric fields and pastoral turkey farms of Ephraim and Mount Pleasant.

From the cab of your pickup, you look past the fields at the surrounding mountains and redrock cliffs, and you feel you are traveling through wildlands. From the air, you see otherwise—Highway 89 runs cocooned in an agricultural landscape hugging the path of the road for mile after mile. The ribbon of the highway forms a corridor of Mormon culture and farmland.

In this passage across Utah, Telford moves from conversation to conversation, looking for the faces and stories that give the highway its personality. His journey takes us on an amble between front porches. Down the road lies another pioneer farmhouse, another local business, another refugee from the city opening a gallery or a one-of-a-kind restaurant. Utah's smallest post office. Utah's oldest hotel.

Telford personalizes the hot spots of Western history along the road. At Circleville, famous as the childhood home of Robert Leroy Parker, the young man who became the famous outlaw, Butch Cassidy, Telford doesn't just photograph the Parker family cabin. He finds Wallace Ott, an old friend of Butch's, to tell him stories. At Big Rock Candy Mountain, legendary destination for hobos and dreamers of the mythic West,

he photographs signboards at roadside cabins, not the fabled mountain or its Lemonade Springs. At the Manti Miracle Pageant, he photographs both the paid anti-Mormon protestor and the local kids protesting the outsider—always looking to demystify and humanize the stories of the road.

Like Highway 89, Telford takes us on a leisurely journey through central Utah. His panoramic compositions run lazily out to the perimeters of our vision, whether a roadside scene or the confined space in the workshop of an artisan. This is not the four-lane straightaway of Interstate 15 west of the mountains, laid out in implacable linearity by super-confident highway engineers across the big, booming valleys of the Great Basin. Here, Telford willingly slows down for each curve, looking for authenticity, happy to maroon us in conversations at Mom's Café or The Hot Spot in Salina—verbal exchanges impossible in a fast food franchise or Interstate quick-stop.

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At the head of the Sanpete Valley, US 89 enters the mountains. In just a few miles the highway leaves the Colorado Plateau, transects the southernmost range of the Rocky Mountains, and rolls out into the Great Basin at Mapleton. This is the most abrupt transition of all—appropriately marked by the drama of the landslide and drowned town at Thistle.

After hundreds of miles in the clear light of the Colorado Plateau and warm embrace of pioneer nostalgia, suburbia takes us by surprise. From Spanish Fork to Brigham City, US 89 becomes an urban highway. More than 80 percent of Utah's people live here along the Wasatch Front, in a dense concentration of cities and towns compressed between the mountains and the old Pleistocene lakes. Utah is one of the most urbanized states in the country.

US 89 runs smack through the middle of this urban complex, but keeps going,

north and south, tying together the malls and suburbs and enclaves of sophistication with the tiny villages hundreds of miles away.

Telford finds stories even here, for Interstate 15 carries most of the traffic. Highway 89 follows the old Main Streets and State Streets of the downtown business loops. Telford finds Robbie Clayton stringing Christmas lights and kids riding carnival rides. Here the businesses are bigger, but still rooted in family. The Freeds of Lagoon, proprietors of the Disneyland of the Intermountain West. Gibbs Smith publishing a lifetime's worth of books from a family farm in Layton. The contemporary representatives of generations of Pettingill fruit farmers in Willard and Cox beekeepers in Logan.

Small town characters carry us along to Salt Lake City, where the nationally prominent liberal Mayor Rocky Anderson works from his City Hall office right on US 89. Telford photographs Rocky passionately leading anti-George W. Bush rallies; he photographs the pro-Bush counter-protests, and then he moves on down the road out of the city, where the daily rhythms of small town life overwhelm such global concerns.

One current in western history is missing from Telford's record, for traces of Indian Country are few and far between on Highway 89. Pioneer Anglo culture successfully displaced Navajo and Paiute, Ute and Shoshone from these springs and rivers that had been their homes. Native names remain: Kanab, Panguitch, Timpanogos. A cluster of Paiute tract homes huddles near the highway exit at Joseph. Far to the north, as Highway 89 runs into the mountains toward Logan and Cache Valley, it passes the abandoned intertribal Indian school at Brigham City, former home to hundreds of young Indian people from all over the west, an artifact from the Twentieth Century federal insistence on assimilation. And that's about it.

That passage from Brigham City to Logan begins the leavetaking for US 89. The

highway leaves the Wasatch Front. Cache Valley is the last Great Basin valley. When US 89 climbs the hill past Utah State University and enters the Bear River Range and Logan Canyon, wildlands once more take over from the colonized Utah of Mormon Country—for the first time, really, since Kanab. The road drops down to the family vacationland of azure Bear Lake and then heads north out of Utah, across the Idaho line.

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On this road, each moment is a journey, an amalgam of motion and place and state of mind. You may be so distracted by your daydreams that you don't see a thing, driving by instinct and peripheral vision. You may be transfixed by weather and scenery—the road receding into a barely noticed ribbon leading you through a three-dimensional landscape. You may focus on the road itself, on the drive, on the experience of speed and curve and acceleration.

You drive along from one point to another, from a beginning to a destination. John Telford reminds us that in between and along the way live the resident characters that give the road its vitality. He reminds us to stop and ask questions and begin conversations.

Considerable common ground exists between these longtime locals in rural Utah and urban visitors from all over the world. The road is a bridge between cultures. The road is an archive of stories reeled out by generations of people living close to the land. If we can look at photographs from the road together and tell stories that grow from this land together—we will feel more comfortable in planning for a visionary future together. And so the highway helps to ease the tensions between these disparate elements of our society.

John Telford celebrates these connections. Highway 89 binds together communities. In these photographs, the road becomes a ribbon of healing.

THE TASTES OF U.S. HIGHWAY 89

By Guy Lebeda, Utah Arts Council Literature Program Manager

Let Us Now Praise Obscure Highways

Charles Kuralt was a famous American journalist. He is best remembered for his "On the Road" segments on the CBS Evening News. He traveled with a small crew, avoiding the nation's main highways in favor of the back roads. He sought out stories about America's people and their doings off of the beaten paths. He won two Peabody Awards for "On the Road" and the stories he filed captured not only the individuality of the people he met, but also the rich heritage of the places he visited.

Kuralt made no secret of how he felt about the growth of the superhighways. When the U.S. Interstate system was completed, he said, "It is now possible to travel the country from coast to coast and not see a single thing."

Kuralt may have been exaggerating a bit. But anyone who has driven long stretches of our Interstate highways (I-80 through Nebraska comes to mind) can understand why he would say that.

This exhibit, Utah photographer John Telford's collection of black & white photographs, called "People, Places, & Things on U.S. Highway 89" is a project that would earn Kuralt's approval and admiration.

If you drive the length of Utah on I-15 from Snowville to St. George (and many of us have done this more than once) you will surely SEE something of Utah, but the speed at which one is forced to travel the highway, and the location of the road itself, would make it unlikely that you will LEARN anything about Utah.

To view Telford's photographs one after another is to take a journey to a Utah of the imagination. This mental road trip takes the viewer into the heart of another, older Utah. Because U.S. 89 actually goes through the heart of the state, and because this part of Utah was bypassed by the superhighways, the Utah one sees along U.S. 89 really does feel like a Utah of the past—a Utah of the middle of the 20th Century.

My Own Private Utah (on 10,000 Calories a Day)

After viewing these photographs, and talking to Telford, I was inspired to record my own journey through Utah on Highway 89, but I made my trip arranged around some of the meals I have enjoyed while driving through this other, slower, more authentic Utah.

Some ground rules: I decided at the outset that I would only eat at places that are actually on the highway. Another rule I set for myself is that these restaurants must not only be locally owned, but also patronized and recommended by locals. I wanted a chance to see how the Utah of U.S. 89 differs from the fast-food Utah of the Interstate.

I. Breakfast: Sausage and Eggs at the Trail's End Café in Kanab

A Kanab local recommended the Trail's End Café for breakfast, and called it a "real Western experience." When we arrived, I saw what he meant. Above the door of the restaurant was a painting representing James Earle Fraser's sculpture "End of the Trail" and our waitress was wearing what looked like a real Colt revolver in a holster. I imagine the German tourists get a huge kick out of touches like that.

We were seated in a knotty pine booth and when the coffee was provided, it was strangely weak and not nearly hot enough. (This is a strange error for a breakfast place to make; I assumed we'd just received a botched pot.) I ordered the sausage and egg breakfast, and my companions ordered a "house specialty" of homemade sausage gravy on homemade biscuits. The portions on all our breakfasts were large and everything tasted quite good. The prices were reasonable and the service was a bit slow, but we were in no hurry and so our experience was pleasant.

Food: three stars
Ambience: three stars
Service: two stars
Overall: three stars

II. Lunch: Chicken Fried Steak at the Satisfied Ewe Café in Ephraim

A friend of mine who lives in Sanpete County recommended the Satisfied Ewe, and I just had to stop there, just to see if the place really exists. It does, and it really is called the Satisfied Ewe, complete with a picture of a sheep on the sign above the door. This place could be part of the set for the "Andy of Mayberry " TV show from the 1960s. It truly is a step back in time. The waitress waved me into the dining room, saying, "Just have a seat anywhere, honey." The lunch special was a French Dip sandwich, but I ordered the Chicken Fried Steak sandwich, just because the Satisfied Ewe looks like the kind of restaurant where the Chicken Fried Steak might have been invented.

The service was a bit leisurely, but the waitress knew her business and my coffee cup was never empty. When my lunch arrived, it was exactly what I expected: a large breaded steak on bread with milk gravy and mounds of fries. It was a carbohydrate addict's dream meal. It was all quite tasty, however, and the price was more than reasonable.

Food: two stars
Ambience: three stars
Service: two stars
Overall: three stars

III. Snack: Fresh Picked Peaches at Pettingill's Fruit & Produce, Box Elder County, near Willard Bay

In summer and fall the roadside fruit stands open up along U.S. 89 in Box Elder County. Each year many Utahns drive north of Ogden in the fall to look at the orchards and buy

some fruit. I stopped at Pettingill's because they have ample parking in front for impulse shoppers/diners like me, and because they had beautiful mounds of peaches on tables in clear view from the highway.

I was standing just inside this marvelous fruit stand, trying to decide between the peaches and a seedless watermelon for my afternoon snack, when a stout lady in a green apron shouted at me, "Sir! Sir, would you move out of the way?!" I turned to see a forklift with a high stack of crates, just about to run me down. I skipped out of its path, and resolved to give the place high marks for service. Saving a customer from bodily harm is excellent service.

I bought four lovely peaches and got back into my car, heading south. Diners tip: don't try to eat ripe peaches while you are driving … they are simply too juicy. I had to stop just a few miles down the highway to wipe down my sticky steering wheel.

Food: four stars
Ambience: one star
Service: four stars
Overall: three stars

IV. Dinner: Prime Rib at Maddox Ranch House in Perry

You can't miss the Maddox Ranch House if you are traveling the length of Highway 89. The front parking lot starts at the shoulder of the road, and the restaurant has a very distinctive sign that rotates and flashes. The Ranch House is technically in Perry, Utah, but is just south of Brigham City where 89 takes you through Sardine Canyon. The place always seems busy, but I had no trouble finding parking and was seated in just a few minutes, even without a reservation. The dining room has a rustic feel: wood paneling, and big, family-style tables.

Though the sign on the highway side of the place says "Famous Fried Chicken," the place is really best known for their steaks. I chose the Prime Rib with a garden salad and a baked potato. And the food, when it arrived, was quite good. The service wasn't exactly slow, just sort of informal. But I was very hungry, and so was probably more impatient than usual.

The salad was properly chilled, crisp and tasty. I ordered the prime rib medium rare and it arrived at my table very close to that standard. It might have been just slightly more medium than rare, but it was so tender and flavorful that it didn't really matter. I washed the meal down with a homemade root beer that was rich and creamy, yet had a very pleasant bite.

Food: three stars
Ambience: two stars
Service: three stars
Overall: three stars

V. Dessert: Raspberry Shake at Hometown Drive-In in Garden City

You won't miss the Hometown Drive-In in Garden City. It is less than five miles from the Idaho line, and is literally on the shoulder of U.S. 89. There is apparently always a line of

people waiting to order at the walk-up window. The menu at the Hometown is typical of old-style American drive-ins: burgers, fries, fried chicken and various ice-cream treats. The ambience is also vintage drive-in: you stand outside, almost on the highway, to place your order and then you walk around to the side of the building to pick up your food.

The Hometown is locally famous for their shakes, made with locally grown raspberries. Nearly everyone who drives through Garden City feels compelled to stop to get a shake, and this makes it the busiest spot in town.

The somewhat surly teenage girl who waited on me informed me that their credit card reader would not recognize my debit card, and she sighed deeply and rolled her eyes as I was forced to fish out single dollar bills from my pockets and count out all my change to come up with the $4.05 for a regular sized shake. But it was all worth it when I put my hands around that shake.

There is good reason those shakes are famous. Made with the richest ice cream and the freshest raspberries, it was blended to a perfect thick consistency. I'll be back for another one soon.

Food: four stars;
Ambience: one star;
Service: one star;
Overall: three stars

Before the Interstate system was completed, U.S. Highway 89 ran from Mexico all the way to Canada. It now runs for 503 miles through Utah, from Big Water in Kane County all the way to Garden City in Rich County. John Telford's photographs show some of the remarkable people, places and things along this route through our state, and I hope that some of you who see this photo exhibit will be inspired, like I was, to seek out some of the overlooked aspects of our wonderful state.
See you out on the road.